



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07580992 5

AFTER WORK



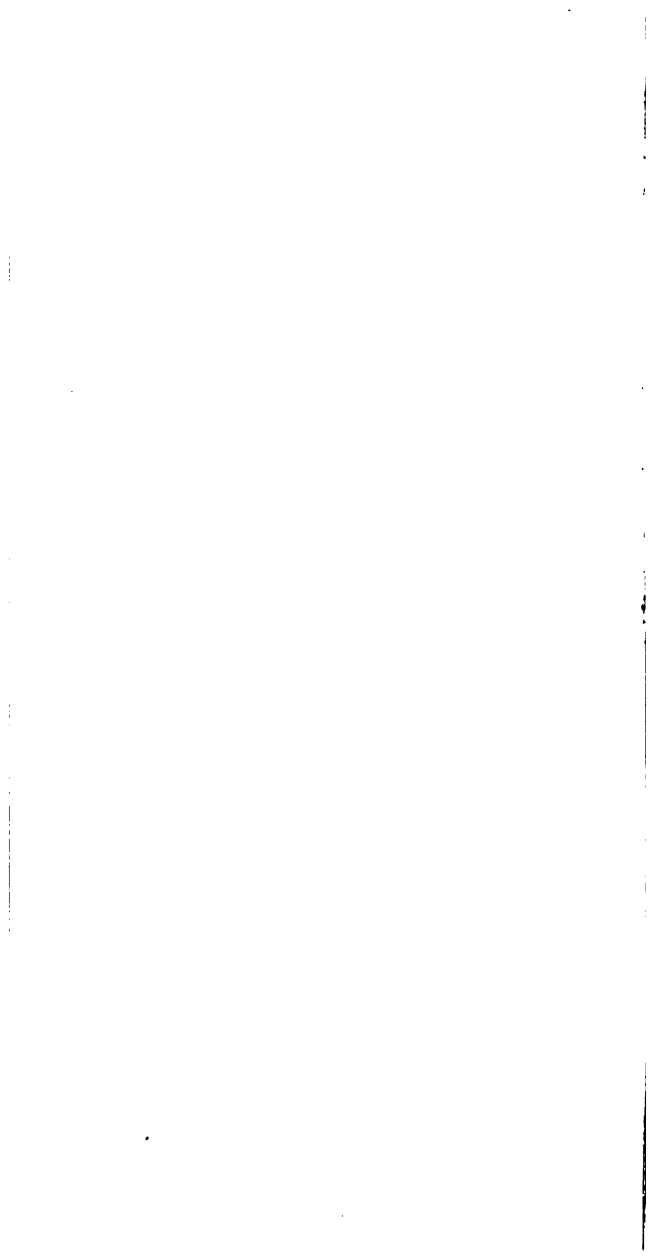
LOUIS J. MAGEE

1, Poetry, American.

py I

NBI

Maye



SONGS AFTER WORK

BY

LOUIS J. ^{rc}MAGEE



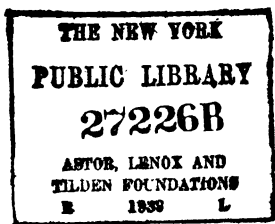
NEW YORK

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, AND COMPANY

91 AND 93 FIFTH AVENUE

cc1896j

EVD



Copyright, 1896,

BY ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH AND COMPANY.

UNIVERSITY PRESS:

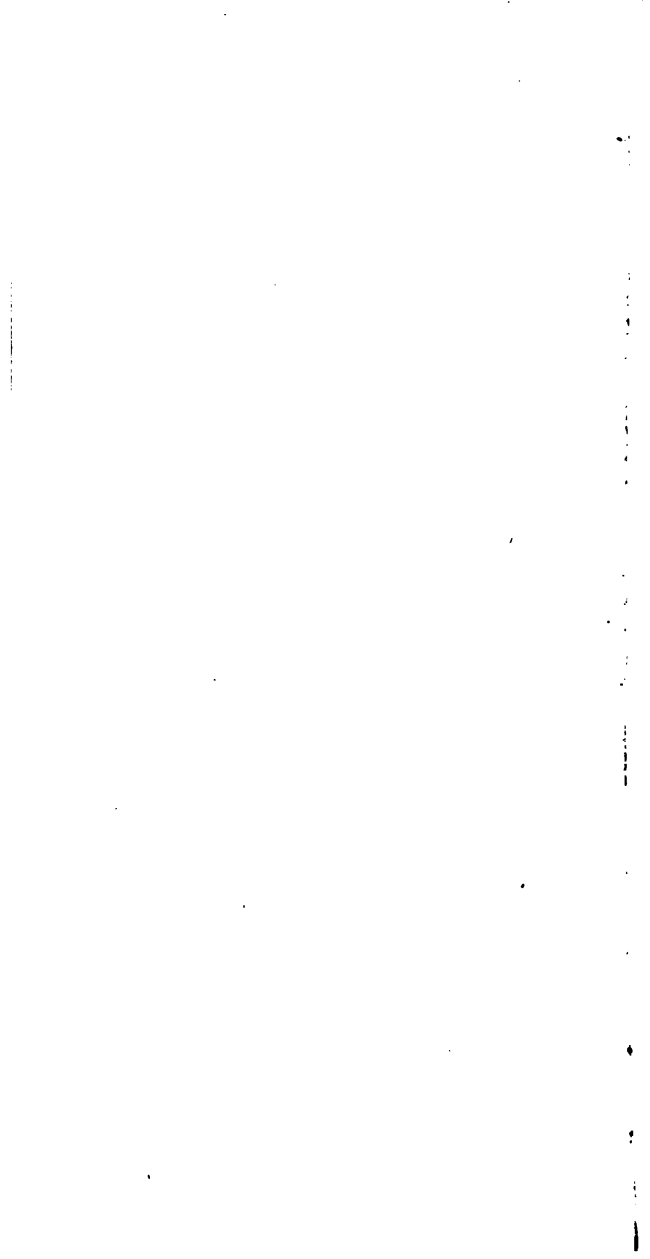
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

*Because a man has shop to mind
In time and place, since flesh must live,
Needs spirit lack all life behind,
All stray thoughts, fancies fugitive,
All loves except what trade can give?*

*I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
Candlestick-maker much acquaints
His soul with song, or, haply mute,
Blows out his brains upon the flute.*

ROBERT BROWNING.

WQR 19 FEB '36

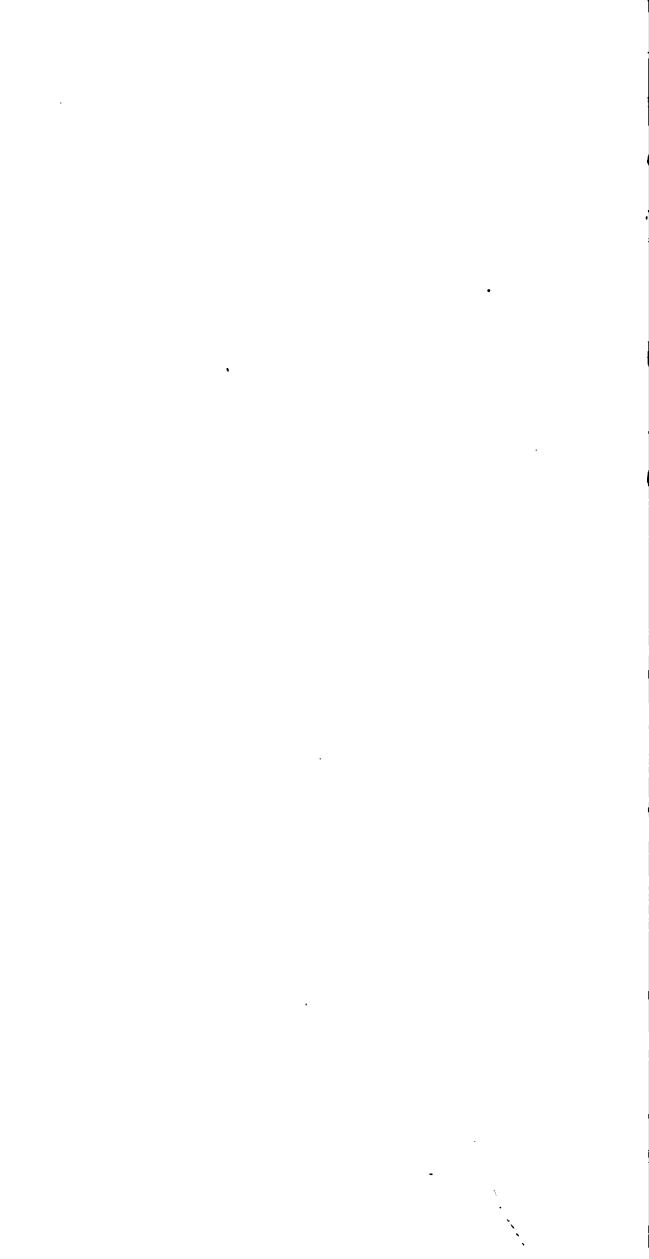


CONTENTS

	PAGE
QUOTATION FROM BROWNING	3 ✓
IN TOWN	9
TO MY CAMERA	12
A FAMILY FAVORITE	14
AT THE EMBASSY	15
A WAYSIDE CROSS	19
A SPOILED MAN	20
THE DYNAMO'S SONG	22
THE TELEGRAPH BOY	25 ✓
THE LAST WORD	28
HIDDEN LIFE	30
IN MEMORIAM	31
SONG AT MORNING	33
TO OUR CHAPERON	34
CHEZ LE CORDONNIER	37
OLD LOVERS	38
IN CASTLE LAND	39

	PAGE
THE LOWER RHINE	40
THE CRUSADE	42
IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY	44
INTERPRETATION	46
ON PINCIAN HILL	49
L'ENVOI	52

SONGS AFTER WORK



SONGS AFTER WORK.

IN TOWN.

WE dwellers on the city street
Too little see, too little praise,
How Nature yields herself to meet
Man's modern ways.

Not far from crowds and rows of shops
We've still a world that's fresh and new,
And still above the chimney tops
Our sky is blue.

Oh, sweet ! that green things find a place
Amidst this stern civility ;
That beauty even here can grace
Utility !

That thrushes care to sing and nest
Here, where this patch of woodland lies
Close to the city's heart to rest
Our tired eyes !

What matter if our river flows
More slowly than a river should ?
Canals would hasten more, one knows,
If they but could.

These boats that peasant mothers guide
Past lofty house-fronts, towers, and domes,
To us, o'er-strained, o'er-cityfied,
Are country homes.

Hard on the highway's noise and dust
I know a path where still remain
Wild things enough to make it just
A country lane.

Each sunset over bridge and wall
Relieves a care, bestows a charm,
The same as where the shadows fall
On field and farm.



For hearts must fear and hope and wait,
Be they behind a lock or latch, —
Whether beneath the tile and slate
Or roof of thatch.

TO MY CAMERA.

YOU truthful, cynical old box,
You 've nobly stood your share of
knocks.

I know a dozen fellows
Who 'd turn a brilliant envy-green
To see some things that you have seen
Within your dear old bellows.

No doubt you 've winked your glassy eye
At my mistakes, and wondered why
I made such startling mixtures, —
A house, for instance, on a chair ;
A vision posing in mid-air ;
One film for two sweet pictures.

You furnished me the words, the guise,
To interest two hazel eyes
With work you did in Cairo.
That led to many a warm debate
On which is better for a plate, —
Eikonogen or Pyro.

You doubtless had a quiet laugh
When two went out to photograph,
 And never once unstrapped you ;
Or stood you up against a tree,
Amidst the rarest scenery,
 And never once uncapped you.

At last you thought me mad, I 'm sure,
To specialize in portraiture !

.

As science goes, you did your part ;
But Love has done what you could not :
And clear, defined, without a spot,
 A picture grew within my heart.

A FAMILY FAVORITE.

HERE lies a cat of local fame
Whose work (or, rather, play) is done ;
His stature great ; age six ; his name,
“George Washington.”

He died not like that cat of Gray,
Drowned in a tub ; his death was drier :
He perished in a modern way,
Caught on a wire.

We miss thee, dear old household pet ;
But yet no doubt thy little soul,
Thy tiny star, has only set
Beyond our narrower human ken,
To rise as part of Nature's whole
Elsewhere again :

To lead anew midst trees or flowers,
Here on the land or in the sea,
Thy little life to sweeten ours ;
To Nature's laws still dutiful,
Changed into something sure to be
All pure and beautiful.

AT THE EMBASSY.

WELL, vision from the distant West,
What brought you hither? What's
your quest?

Just come? What ship? What sent you?
Come here to study or to rest?
Unless you've altered your career,
'T is chiefly for the rest, I fear.

Come on, and I'll present you
To some of your compatriots here.

On many such a *jour de fête*
We gather here to celebrate
The common ties that bind us,
The glories of our land and state.
For wanderers like you and me
It's good to have a cup of tea
With people who remind us
Of all we love beyond the sea.

This titled lady here we claim ;
She's foreign only in her name.
That beauty there in purple

Is keeping up her nation's fame :
She makes the Europeans stare.
Our countrywomen get their share
Of praise in the court circle.
Now you must meet our *Secrétaire*.

When (as in every other trade)
Experience and tact are made
A diplomat's conditions,
His labors here will be repaid.
That dash of chiffon, chic, and grace,
That dream of loveliness and lace,
Are recent acquisitions ;
The taller has a Gibson face.

And here 's the man we rally 'round,
The exiles' help on alien ground,
Poor man, our churchless Pastor.
These travellers love the gospel sound,
But leave more nickel here than gold.
The building fund grows some, we 're told,
The colony grows faster.
So many sheep should have a fold.

The Consul does look *distingué*.
Ah ! there's the Naval *Attaché*,
And those are his two sisters.
The greybeard with them, by the way,
Been here a score of years or so ;
Has seen the envoys come and go
When they were still *Ministres*,
A sort of permanence, you know.

If new-world qualities do spoil
By contact with this foreign soil,
It is a satisfaction
That (as for governmental toil)
Our rulers show much skill and sense.
Trust then that foreign residence
Shall not have time for action
On diplomatic eminence !

I wish I wore a uniform !
The officers just seem to swarm
Around that pretty heiress.
They say she took the court by storm.
She's just from home, refreshing sight,

And, if I judge the fashions right,
 She came by way of Paris.
You're going? Well, old man, good-night.

Yes, we're a migratory band ;
One grasps almost a welcoming hand
 To bid farewell ; we're all in motion.
Sometimes we miss the native land
And wonder what we left it for ;
But still we colonists have more
 Than all they have beyond the ocean,
They have n't the Ambassador.

A WAYSIDE CROSS.

THE moving pictures of my flight
Through planted fields and orchards
white

With flower, past tower and sleepy town,
All vanished, save a cross that stood
Beside the way, close to the wood,
Below a hill whose slope of brown
Warmed with the first green of the vine ;
And there a woman bowing down
Before a shrine.

On paven streets I hear the roar
Again, move in the crowd once more ;
But now when burdens seem to be
Too hard, those hillsides reappear, —
That peasant form ; and even here,
Rising at every turn for me
Out of the pain and wrong and loss,
On these sad city stones, I see
A wayside cross.

A SPOILED MAN.

ROSE has left me alone in this library
corner,

With the last magazine, and orders to
smoke ;

But I can't relish even the latest of Warner,
Or laugh at a joke.

I, who once waited for weeks without seeing

Rose, who is near me now day after day,
Find myself all out of tune at her being .

An hour away.

This story, she 's sure to ask if I 've read it ;

I 'd much rather not, but I promised I
would :

Very likely the hero 's perfection, she said it
Would do me good.

Read of devotion now when I am giving it

All to the Rose who shall be my wife ?

Read of love when one is having it, living it
In one's life ?

Hark! That's her waltz that somebody's
humming

Down the long hallway ; ah, surely, I hear
Her footstep, the swing of her gown ! she is
coming, —

Is here !

.
Before I tell you, dear, how I have missed you,
I'll finish this verse — find a rhyme for me ;
Well, just to have done with, we'll end it in
“ Kissed you ; ”

Now for the tea !

THE DYNAMO'S SONG.

HEAR me, and I'll sing to you
Music never listened to ;
For you must be helped to hear.
Customs prejudice the ear,
And the great world does n't know
That a painted dynamo
Has a voice that surely means
Just as much as those machines
Poets tell of in the books, —
Mill-wheels turned by mountain brooks,
Saw-mills where the torrent roars,
Spinning-wheels in cottage doors.
In the city's heat and toil,
Here amidst the smoke and oil,
Where the steady fires burn,
And the crank-shafts turn and turn,
Where the dash-pots clank and clash,
And the switches snap and flash,
If you only feel and see,
Here is also poetry.

Swing and thrust and rise and fall,
There 's a harmony in all ;
Every piece its place and time,
Working out the perfect rhyme.
Brushes on the copper ring,
High and clear the note they sing,
Playing something new and strange
On the theme of endless change,
Telling how the wire wheel,
Moving in its frame of steel,
Helps transform the latent might
Of coal-beds into life and light.
He who built me, coil and pole,
Knows me to the very soul, —
Spools and windings, shaft and core,
What each part is fashioned for.
I 'm a servant to his hand ;
But he does n't understand
What the wires take from me,
What the fire-flow can be.
Flooding through the buried mains,
Pulsing in the metal veins;
Goes my subtle, silent stream,
And I follow in a dream

Into distant thoroughfares,
Into cellars, up the stairs,
Drive the loom and sew the dress,
Cut the paper, move the press,
Brighten up the printed page,
Light the chancel and the stage.
Brushes on the copper ring
Gently glide and softly sing ;
I must never show a sign
Of the mighty task that 's mine.
Dynamos that rasp and spark
Leave the city in the dark ;
Wrapped around my iron drum,
Quietly I croon and hum.

THE TELEGRAPH BOY.

HEAR the clatter of those feet ;
See him coming up the street
On the trot !

He is going to the Greens ;
No, he 's going to the Dean's,
Is he not ?

See the uniform of blue,
And the shiny letters, too,
On his cap.

I imagine he is quite
An intelligent and bright
Little chap.

What a careless tune he hums,
And how innocently comes
Hurrying.

Ah, how little does he know
Of the happiness or woe
He can bring !

Now he brings a hopeless sigh ;
Now a sparkle to the eye ;
Now a tear.

More of griefs, I think, than joys —
Why ! the fateful little boy's
Coming here !

Goodness, how he pulls the bell !
He has some bad news to tell,
I'm afraid.

Oh, I hope it's not for me !
Alice, sign for it, and see
If it's paid.

It is surely not from Will,
For his morning smoke is still
In the air.

Has poor uncle breathed his last ?
Has his weary spirit passed
From all care ?

Then poor auntie is bereft,
And that sunny home is left
Fatherless.

Or old Cousin Ed and May
'Ve gone and had another ba—
By, I guess.

What if John has lost, poor man,
Little Clementine or Nan,
Or his wife !

Oh the hopefulness, the fears !
Oh the rapture ! oh the tears !
Of this life !

I don't like the thing a bit ;
I don't dare to open it ;
How I shake !

Why, it's from that man of mine :
“ *Will bring partner home to dine ;
Get a steak.*”

THE LAST WORD.

WHAT shall the last word be to-night
When I rush away?
When the minutes speed with such a flight
To make the coming days more bright,
What can I say?

Of all the tend'rest names, what name
Shall I call her then?
When I turn back on the path I came
What gift can I leave that shall be the same
When I come again?

What can I ask as her gift to me?
Think what I can!
A charm to make me utterly
Strive in the quest o'er land and sea, —
A talisman?

Now, dearest heart, the night is here ;

I go away !

And Love is the talisman, my dear,

And Love is all the gift I bring,

And Love is the simple only thing

That I can say.

HIDDEN LIFE.

SLEEP on field and forest ;
 Winter's everywhere,
Binding up the river,
 Freezing in the air,
Storming through the tree-tops,
 Drifting on the plain :
Is Nature dead ? Will Summer
 Never come again ?

Life in bush and burrow,
 Out of sight to man ;
Root and fur and feather,
 How they dream and plan,
Colors that they 'll bloom in,
 All the songs they 'll sing,
When the sunlight touches them
 In Spring !

IN MEMORIAM.

DUST-LADEN, languid flowers droop and
fade ;

The parchèd landscape trembles in the heat ;
But hark ! a fluting thrush far in the shade
Sends rest and coolness from his dark retreat.

A tuneful life sings softly through its days,
And to a restless world its peace imparts ;
Soothes fevered brows to sleep, and thirst
allays,
And brings sweet sympathy to broken hearts.

There is a sadness in the chilly air ;
Dark branches stand against a leaden sky ;
A lonely bird takes flight for climes more fair ;
And in the wood a leaf falls silently.

Beside the bed an anxious watcher stands ;
A yellow sunbeam steals in from the west ;
A weary soul flies forth for brighter lands ;
A ripened life falls gently to its rest.

Their pride and glory gone, earth's leafy dead,
Snow-buried, sleep 'neath winter fields of
white,

Save where a withered aster lifts its head
To tell of warmer suns and days more bright.

A sense of loneliness, a sweet regret,
And then forgetfulness deep drifting on ;
But still some heart that never can forget
Brings back the sunlight of a life that shone.

SONG AT MORNING.

STARS that trembled on the stream
Have lost their light ;
Moon that made the golden dream
Is dead and white.

All the world that silence kept
For her dear sake,
All that waited while she slept,
Is now awake.

Along the wood, along the vale,
The sunlight falls ;
And where we heard the nightingale
The cuckoo calls.

TO OUR CHAPERON.

(MRS. K.)

MY Flora, at whose feet are laid
All offerings of song, has made
Just one exception ;
And given me her leave to send
A song of thanks to you, dear friend,
And deep affection.

What tedious walks you had to take
For Madame Grundy's selfish sake !

How good you were
To listen to Joe's rather dry
Discourse on Grecian art, while I
Could talk to her !

I understand and thank you for
Your quiet sympathy ; I saw
How you pretended

To deafness and to failing sight
When things were said or done not quite
For you intended.

Ah ! would all mamas, friends, and aunts
Might give to urgent youth the chance
You gave to me !
Then more of us might win and wed !
The flowery path that lovers tread
Perhaps would be

With fewer obstacles beset
If some would not so oft forget,
At two-score-ten,
Romantic days they had (I trust),
And kindly chaperons they must
Have needed then.

If, when I paid my court to Flo,
I courted your approval so,
And played for you
The model son's devoted part,
I hope, in winning Flora's heart,
I won yours too.

We've just agreed to dedicate
A dainty cup, a Meissen plate,
 To you alone,
When we've our little house some day,
And Flo for other girls can play
 The chaperon.

CHEZ LE CORDONNIER.

TINY shoe,
Very few
Have so fair a fate as you.
All the loveliness you 'll hold
Rarely stands on heel and sole.
Empty shoe,
Cold and new,
There 's a lot awaiting you
Very few
Ever knew,
Little shoe.

OLD LOVERS.

IS not the contrast fortunate ?
Without, the night so desolate ;
Within, this cheerful *tête-à-tête*,
Here by the fire.

For years we've sat together here,
And you are better every year ;
You bring the smile, you dry the tear,
And you inspire.

A glowing heart, a taste refined,
My solacer, I daily find
Of all that's soothing, sweet, and kind,
A type in you.

For colors that your dark cheeks wear,
For grace of form, who can compare ?
Ah, no ! there's none that's half so fair,
My pipe, as you.

IN CASTLE LAND.

But perhaps thou art one of those who think the days of romance gone forever. Believe it not! Thou art not less a woman, because thou dost not sit aloft in a tower, with a tassel-gentle on thy wrist. Thou art not less a man, because thou wearest no hauberk, nor mail-sark, and goest not on horseback after adventures. Every one has a romance in his own heart. — HYPERION.

WITHIN yon ivied tower on the hill
A lady lived, long centuries ago,
Loved by a knight whose castle wall stands
still,
A grey old ruin, in the vale below.

I'd envy him his old romantic ways, —
Those tilts and tournaments before her eyes
Whose sweet, hard-won approval, gracious
praise,
Was best of all he strove for, — but he lies

(So runs the sad old tale) 'neath Syria's sand.
He did the knightly duty of his time
With Barbarossa in the Holy Land;
She waited for him here beside the Rhine.

THE LOWER RHINE.

ABOVE, in the castle-land, -
Are the fruits and forests and vines ;
But here tall chimneys stand
Like clumps of desolate pines.

Here, from the end of night
Till weariness drives them to bed,
Men live by the firelight,
With iron roofs o'erhead.

With never a word or sound
Save the scuff of their wooden shoes,
They work in a ceaseless round,
With little to will or choose.

Each man is a link in a chain
That drags in a certain groove ;
Each man is a gear in a train
Of wheels that must ever move.

. 'T is mostly dark with smoke,
The patch of sky they see ;
Their lives are under the yoke
Of a mighty industry.

Beside the roller's crash
Is the silent might of man ;
Along with the forge's flash
They 're fashioning what you plan :

The blast, the molten flow,
The crucible of steel,
The ingot's cherry glow,
The finished rail and wheel.

Away in the distant blue
Is the old romance and the wine ;
Down here in a world that 's new
Are the knights of the modern Rhine.

THE CRUSADE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LEITNER. SET TO MUSIC BY
SCHUBERT.

A MONK in lonely convent cell
Beside his window stands ;
Gay knights ride by adown the green,
Bound for the Orient lands.

They sing of holy conquest,
Right earnest and right brave ;
The banners of the Holy Cross
Above their bright shields wave.

Down to the surging sea they ride ;
A ship waits in the bay,
Then o'er her bright, green sea-path
Floats like a swan away.

The monk, beside his window still,
Shouts after them : " Fight well !
Like ye, a pilgrim too am I,
Though I stay behind in my cell.

“Life’s journey through the treach’rous wave
And o’er the desert sand, —
Ay, it is truly a crusade
Into the Holy Land.”

IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY.

AN EXTRACT.

WE may not fail in zeal, nor effort shirk,
 Nor lessen our devotion to the cause
 Or calling. Only keep the chosen work
 In bounds; be not consumed; reserve a
 pause
 Amidst the busiest days for other books
 Than those which crowd upon your office
 shelves.
 Reserve within the heart a room that looks
 Upon the mountains, not the street! Your-
 selves
 Sometimes look ye within. Rest comes with
 change
 Of action: and new work, we know, imparts
 Fresh vigor to the man — a wider range
 Of vision rests the eye. Keep gentle arts

About you ! So shall come the shaded spot
Along the march, the oasis amidst the sand,
The dark cathedral open on a hot
Highway, into whose depths we pass and
stand,

A while, silent before the wondrous Child
And grave Madonna. This shall be a wood
For us, whose ancient trees and thickets wild
Before the modern axe till now have stood
Exempted. Such cool shades ! such tower-
ing pines

Against the pure blue ! And all so close
To the great city's geometric lines
Of house-walled, paven streets, with planted
rows

Of lindens. Pausing for a moment there
Beyond the hurry of high noon, the hush
Of nature soothes ; we breathe the balsamed
air ;

The rumble of the dusty thoroughfare
Sounds far away. Among the tangled vines
We hear the rustle of a started thrush.

INTERPRETATION.

“Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
sermons in stones.”

WHAT we hear in the voice of the stream
and the sea ;
What we learn from the stars, what the mean-
ing can be
Of the notes that we get from their song in
the sky ;
If the wind in the wood is a laugh or a sigh, —
Depends on the kind of heart we bring
To catch what they all have to say and sing.
We change, and they have something differ-
ent to say, —
Something sad in the past, something glad
for to-day ;
And, proud if she find but a listening ear,
Nature tells us the thing we are willing to
hear.

You remember the thicket behind the old mill
In the park, — just a bit that 's original still

In the midst of the statues and fountains
and all,

'Midst the art and precision that only recall
Things one tries to forget, city sights, city
noise?

Well! there in that tangle there's always a
voice.

Yes, trees that must grow in a civilized way —
Planes, maples, and elms — all have plenty
to say

When I listen to them; but the bushes know
best

If I'm needing encouragement, counsel, or rest.

As I heard them once in the splendor of June,
They said: "Old friend, you are out of tune.
You trying to sing! If you understood
The poetry of this tiny wood!

If you with your world-dimmed eyes could see
The life, and the love, and the harmony
That hide in our shade the whole day long,
Then perhaps you also could make such a
song."

(And a blackbird sang in the flood of June;
He mocked me for being out of tune.)

In the face of an autumn wind to-day
I showed a little woman the way
To my bushes again ; and they laughed and
shook

Their yellow leaves, and shouted : " Look !
There is the man who was out of tune ;
He always came here alone in June ;
But now he has learnt, and now he knows
What keeps us glad when November blows."

Some others who walked in the forest there
Shivered perhaps in the chilly air,
They said the wind moaned in the pines
overhead,
And thought that our laughing leaves were
dead.

So buds that are green and leaves that are
sere
Keep telling just what we are waiting to hear.

ON PINCIAN HILL.

THE Roman world is gay and bright
On Garden Hill to-day, —
A world of music, beauty, light,
Roses, and fountain spray.

A dreamy look of luxury fills
The eyes of young and fair ;
Mascagni's " Intermezzo " thrills
Upon the perfumed air.

Within the charmèd range of sound
The crowd move slowly by ;
In golden livery grouped around,
Proud equipages vie.

But in th' Eternal City who
Can rest contented long
With things that savor of the new ?
The charm of age is strong.

An ancient spell from out the past
Our spirits seems to hold
In sympathy with what could last,
In love for what is old.

Away from all this modern show
We turn with eager eyes
To where, the terraced hill below,
Our Rome, the classic, lies ;

To ground that heathen emperors
And holy men have trod ;
To temples reared for Jupiter,
And churches built to God.

We try to find the Pantheon
Amidst the gilded domes ;
The inward vision dwells upon
The distant Catacombs.

We see the Colosseum stand
Still strong against the flood
Of stormy centuries, altar grand,
Hallowed by martyrs' blood.

O sacred ruin, planned to see
Such blood for pleasure spent,
What heroes dared to make of thee
A Christian monument !

Have we a faith as strong and sure
'Gainst sword and beast and flame?
Could we their sufferings endure,
And glory in His name?

Have we their strength to stand our ground
(I 'll question better still)
Amidst the life that throngs around
Here on the Pincian Hill?

For Faith, of old by tortures tried,
Needs now another test :
The truth for which our fathers died
We prove by living best.

Be it an open fight with vice,
Or self to overcome,
Each day may have its sacrifice,
Each life its martyrdom.

L'ENVOI.

LITTLE wife,
If you find
Something in between these lines,—
Something about love and life,
Better far, a thousand times,
Than the rhymes,
Sweeter, stronger, and more true,—
That's for you.

